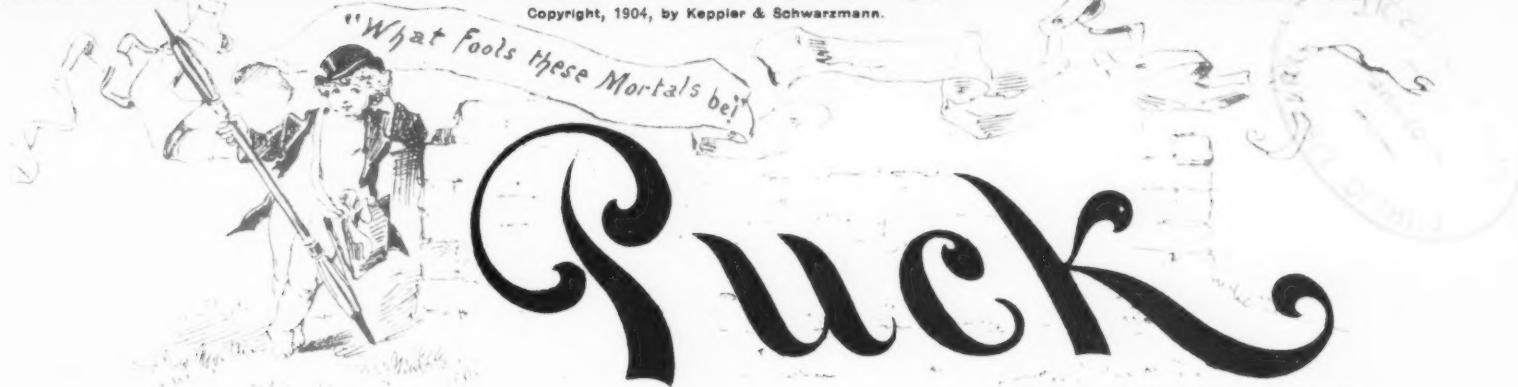


VOL. LIV. No. 1401.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 6, 1904.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



PROTECTION.



FAR FROM USELESS.

YOUNG LAWYER.—It will be quite useless to try and break Old Jones' will, don't you think so?

OLD LAWYER.—Useless? Not at all. The relatives will get lots of experience and we will get some fat fees.

HIS ARGUMENT.



“AND NOW, fellow citizens,” said the Orator, “let me take up another question. They charge our protected industries with selling goods abroad at lower prices than they get for the same goods at home. They taunt us with this as though it were a crime. They challenge us to deny the fact. Why, gentlemen, we do not deny it. We admit—nay, we boast of it! We glory in it!”

“Consider the good we do in thus selling our goods abroad at the lowest possible prices. The poor, benighted pauper laborer of Europe, with wages cut down almost to the starvation point, is thus enabled to get some of the necessities and comforts of life of which he would otherwise be deprived. He could not afford to pay European prices, but he may possibly be able to pay American prices. Our policy, my friends, gives him a chance to live. It makes his unhappy lot a little brighter, tends to reconcile him to his situation, makes him less anxious to emigrate to America. By thus checking an influx of foreign labor to our shores, it diminishes competition here and enables us to keep up the high standard of wages now prevailing in our mines, factories and workshops. Is it not, therefore, a boon to American labor to sell the products of our protected industries cheaper abroad than at home?”

“But they ask, if we can afford to sell goods in Europe, why do we need a tariff to sell them at home. Fellow-citizens, the answer

is obvious. We need a tariff to keep these goods from coming back. Just suppose that some shrewd European operator, with hostile designs on American prosperity, should buy an enormous quantity of these goods at the low prices at which we sell them abroad and then send them back and dump them on our shores. What would be the result. American industries would be ruined. Mills, mines and workshops would be closed; millions would be driven out of employment and our people would be on the verge of starvation.

“But, fortunately, there is no danger of this. The size and enthusiasm of the audiences I have addressed in this campaign assure me that the magnificent system which permits us to sell goods at high prices at home and at low prices abroad will not be disturbed.”

And when the speaker sat down he received an ovation.

Wm. E. McKenna.



ENTHRALLING MUSIC.

BLANCHE.—Jack is deeply interested in the opera.

LOUISE.—We must n't be too hard on him;—the first time I attended a performance of this opera I, too, forgot myself.

PUCK



LOOKING FORWARD.

MIRANDY.—Yo' am de laziest human bein' I ebeh sot eyes on!

PETE.—Ah, quit yo' flattehin', honey;—I 'se li'ble teh git de big head an' nebeh be any use.

IGNORANCE.

WHEN FIRST Love passed, he left a budding rose
To be my charge. Ah! had I only known
That in his very heart its root was grown,
I should have treasured it from starveling woes,
Let no harsh wind have dealt it careless blows,
Nor bruised its leaves; I would have made no moan
If Life had made me for its trust atone
With any penance which her pleasure chose.

But when Love came again and bade me hear
What flower his gift had been, and begged to see
If I had kept his guerdon faithfully—
I sought my garden, trembling sore with fear,
And strove to find there what my heart belied—
Ah me! Love's unblown rose had drooped and died!

Charlotte Becker.

ALL THE GOOD IT DID HIM.

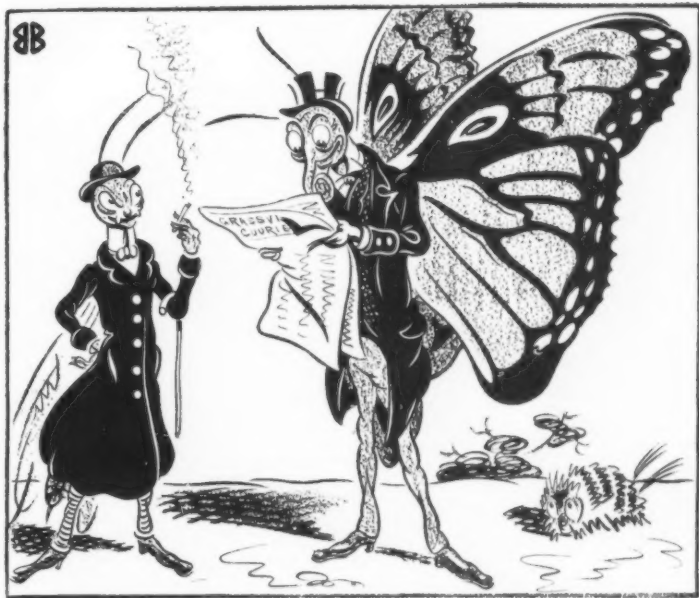
WILLIS.—What is that string around your finger for?

WALLACE.—That is to remind me that I have forgotten something.

ALL THAT SAVED HIM.

HAWKINS.—I understand that the physicians held a consultation, but I see you are still alive.

ROBBINS.—Yes. I have since learned that the vote stood two for me and one against.



SURPRISING.

THE BUTTERFLY.—Well! Well! Wonders will never cease.

THE WASP.—What has happened, now?

THE BUTTERFLY.—I see by the paper that the Snail has made a runaway match.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 21.



I.

"I pull it; not too far, you see,
But brisk," said Hans, "and steadily."



II.

"And now a board to twist it on—
Don't touch the taffy while I'm gone."



III.

Quoth Dackel: "Pooh! That makes me tired!
I'll pull it. *Push* is all 's required."



IV.

"Great sausage meat!" the others cried,
"You've done it now. Quick! Run and hide."



V.

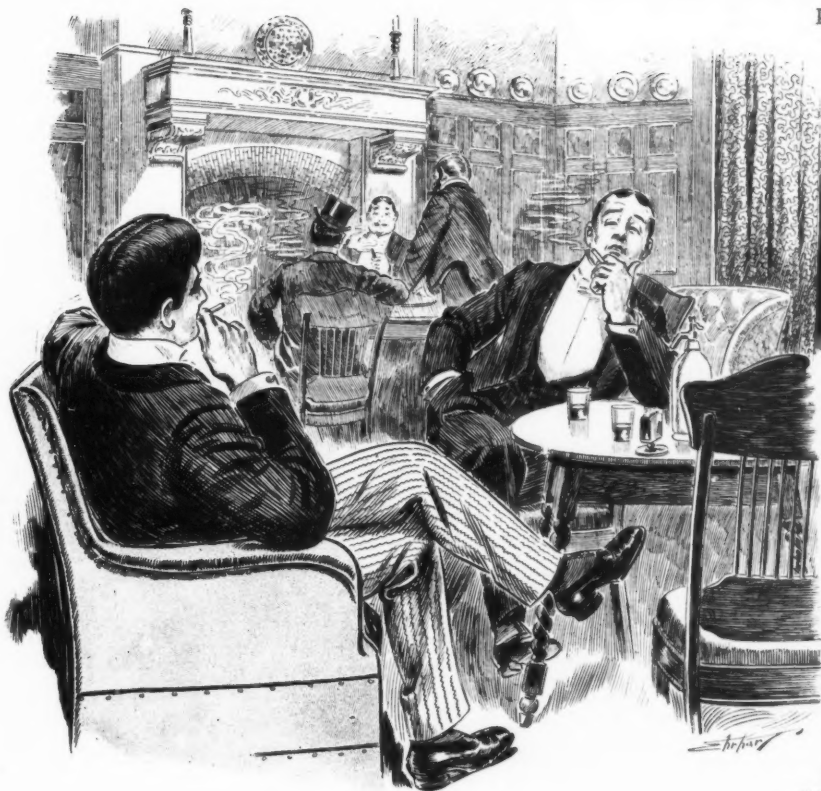
He started, but no progress made.
The candy ran—so Dackel stayed.



VI.

"Pull out!" they laughed, "and show your speed;
A little *push* is all you need!"

The man who is unable to appreciate humor, however, gets a vast deal of comfort out of the pride he feels in his common sense.



PROHIBITIVE RATES.

"So, when you have done wrong, you no longer admit it to your wife?"

"No; she kept raising the price of admission, like a ticket speculator."

THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

THIS SUBJECT has been shamefully neglected, not more than a thousand books on it having appeared and some periodicals not even alluding to it. A few hints therefore will be acceptable.

One of the most important things about the making of a country home is the soil. Be careful not to build your house on a bog. Bogs are fine for snipe shooting, but they don't go with furnace fires.

One of the best sites for a country home is over a gold mine. If the mine is worked at the same time as the home, oftentimes the plumbing may be paid for.

The next thing to do is to consult a landscape gardener. The landscape gardener is the man who comes to the trackless waste you have bought through an ad. in the Sunday paper, measures it with his eye and then proceeds to convert it into nature's garden, taking in payment all you've got.

If, however, you decide not to consult a landscape gardener, than a few suggestions about the laying out of your grounds will not be out of place.

The first thing to secure is a good, durable Flora and Fauna. The drug-store kind is not good enough, but the kind of a Flora and Fauna you want must be gathered in different places.

First, see your tree specialist and secure some good oaks. You can of course plant acorns if you wish, but this takes time. By the time they grow your house may be paid for. Have the oaks distributed around the place where the roots won't interfere with the moles. Good moles are indispensable and should be planted early in the spring. No vegetable garden is complete without them. Next, plant some hardy shrubs. Hardy shrubs, worth about fifty cents apiece, can be attained from any good florist with a reputation, for about a thousand dollars each. To secure an artistic effect—an effect that every true lover of a country home is constantly striving after—drink about a quart of good old bourbon, and when in this condition plant them about the place.

Now for your paths. To do this, consult the Road-makers' Union. It is n't any of their business, this being your own private affair, but it will cost more money and this is what you want. Ask the walking delegate to dinner and if you treat him right, every path on your place can be laid without a strike.

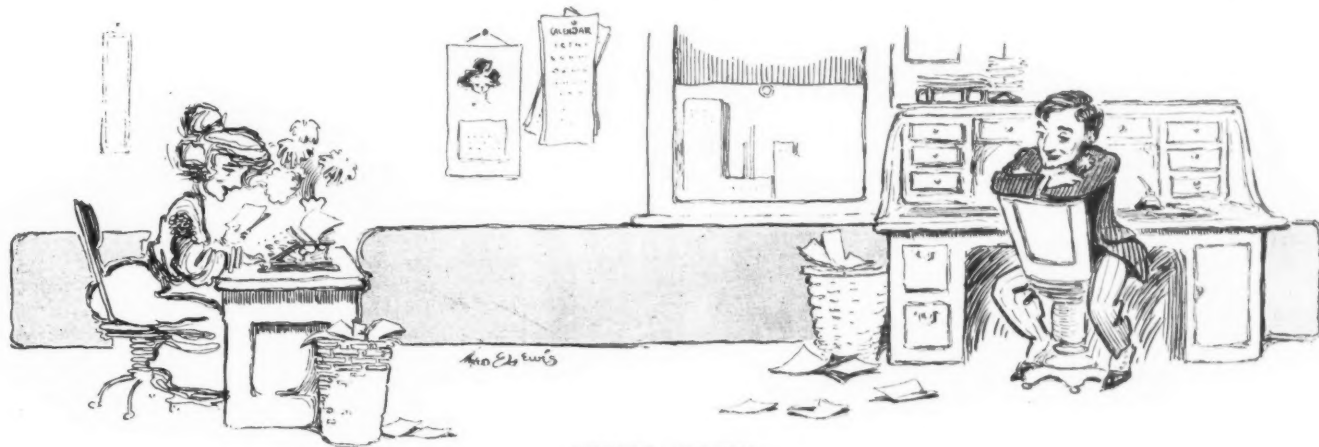
When you have your Flora and Fauna distributed all over your ground, as indicated, it is barely possible that you may not have room for your house and barn. But do not let this disturb you. Remember that just at present it is the swagger thing to live close to the heart of nature. Stack your insect, butterfly, tree, grass, fern and fungi books up in a woodshed, and get a tent and live in it.



THE SITUATION.

THE COON.—He's simply wasting his time down there. It will take a second-story man to do this trick!

Tom Masson.



OFFICE GOSSIP.

MISS TAPPS.—Of course, some stenographers are extremely expert.

CLERK.—Oh, yes. I knew of one who married a rich employer in less than three months.

PUCK



UNREASONABLE PARENT.

MOTHER.—Now, Bobby, you must *not* get into any fights with the neighbor's children.
BOBBY.—But, Mama, I've got to get acquainted with them *some* way.

AN INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTY.



FINANCIER concluded once—

A trust to organize
In hearts, in hopes that he'd control
The market in this wise;
So down he hied to Cupid's house
One day in Lovers' Block,
Decided that he'd offer him
Control of all the stock.

Now, Cupid listened to the plan
Without a word, until
His visitor had finished, when
He said: "I fear you will
Not find it possible to form
Your trust around these parts—
'T is cash upon deliv'ry, and
There is no trust in hearts."

William Wallace Whitlock.

COMMUNITY.

The Stork and the Doctor met at the door.
"We should be friends," said the Doctor. "We have much in common."
"It is true we are both bipeds," admitted the Stork, guardedly.
Here the Doctor showed his bill.
"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Stork. "Well, you are a bird!"

NOTHING DOING.

TOURIST (*in Kentucky town*).—Any feuds in progress around here, at present?

LANDLORD.—Nope! Thought there wuz a-goin' to be one on hand 'count of six of the Granger boys and four of the Pikes gettin' plugged durin' the past six months, but it turned out to be only a little neighbors' spat.



THE WAY IT SOUNDED.

FARMER BENTOVER.—My nephew, that's just graduated from the academy, says that "we live in a bright oasis of knowledge surrounded on all sides by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery, and from age to age the strenuous labor of successive generations wins a small strip from the desert and pushes forward the boundary of knowledge."

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Looky here, Lyman! I did n't come over here to have trouble with you; I came to borrow a whiffletree.

The prime requisite to a boy's story is a hero such that if boys were to meet him in real life they would guy him to death.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, January 6, 1904. — No. 1401.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESIDENT AND A CARELESS HELPER.

INCONSISTENCY is a jewel, too, in that wherever displayed, it gleams and flashes with all the deep-set splendor of the perfect gem. Like the diamond, it is especially marked when shown conspicuously by persons of note. And again, when jewel like, it radiantly bids for our closest attention. As lustrous a gem of inconsistency as the mines of fallibility could well produce, Postmaster General Payne has been flaunting for some months. Or, to be strictly accurate, ever since the Postal investigation showed signs of panning out. He did his best, at the start, to discredit the search by defining all charges as "hot air," but being by trade a politician, he was scarcely inconsistent in that. Much may be accounted for and considerably excused as force of political habit. But the awkward light in which since he placed the government by declining to make public, until forced to, the full text of the Bristow report, could hardly be pardoned by any such moderate means. In juggling with the document and withholding parts of it, in refusing to be open and candid in all things pertaining to it, and in giving folks the impression that he rooted out rascals under protest, he showed a shocking ignorance, or a reckless disregard, of the President's pet policy. He made one infer from his reluctance all fall that measures of law which most properly apply to private enterprises, lose completely their application where public business is concerned. That was illogical. The President, as we all know, is a firm publicity advocate. He is on record as saying, "publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation; and we need not be over-tender about sparing the dishonest one." Yet, knowing full well how the President felt, this cabinet official was not over-tender merely in the matter of the Post Office, but positively shrinking in his daily approach to the scandal. It was thoughtless of the gentleman, to say the very least. If he would really serve the administration of which he is a prominent part, General Payne will get rid of the gem we mentioned. And abandon, incidentally, the large glass house which, with not a little care and persistence, he has been building around the President.

AS TO BLUNT MR. WILLIAMS.

HOW UNPLEASANTLY blunt Mr. John Sharp Williams can be. A Democrat, it is true, and a sound one, we cheerfully grant; but so woefully lacking in those secondary courtesies which, grouped together, we term good form. No further proof is needed of his deficiency than the detailed title of his recent House bill: "a bill to reduce taxation on American citizens, who use hides, leather, boots, shoes, saddles and harness." Incredible, is it not? What Mr. Williams should have written, had he the smallest regard for his Republican colleagues, was a conservative heading on tariff revision; a conventional title, but an inoffensive one. Then his Republican associates might have been free to oppose it in the traditional manner, as the attack of an irresponsible demagogue upon our "material prosperity." But to label it a bill to reduce taxation, and upon a vast body of American citizens, was to impugn most brutally the veracity of one's honorable opponents, and from a stand-pat standpoint, to take a rude advantage. Mr. Williams must have known, ere he framed his remarkable measure, that the tariff programme for the year to come had already been mapped out. It had been decided, we understood, this being a presidential year, that the tariff question was to stay undisturbed. And now comes along that bungler, Williams, who not alone disturbs it, but does so in a bold, brazen fashion: "a bill to reduce taxation on American citizens." Really, in so many words, he implies we are not satisfied. Let us see if he does n't. At present, much of the leather manufactured in this country is made from foreign hides. Of course, there is a duty due before such hides can properly be admitted, but later there is a soothing rebate of 99 per cent. On leather exported, of which the basis was foreign hide, this return is collectable. But on leather kept here for sale, on boots, shoes, saddles and harness, as the bill enumerates, there is no such golden shower. Consequently, leather goods in the United States cost much more on the average than the same goods do abroad. That, in brief, is the hide situation. And upon it, Mr. Williams' views are extremely unorthodox. He believes apparently—and for some cause inconceivable to our most eminent stand-patriots—that the American consumer, if he could only get the chance, would prefer to pay less for his shoes and other things of leather than he does now; that he is tired of a tariff schedule which benefits no one but the rebate-getting exporter and the foreign purchaser; and which contributes no more to one's material prosperity—to the modest prosperity of the ordinary citizen—than any other form of extortion, legalized or the reverse. Where could Mr. Williams have secured his information? Who has been talking?

ANOTHER QUESTION.

"I wonder if Uncle Sam would recognize me if I should be born?" naively cooed the spirit of the budding republic.
"H'm!" coughed Liberty; "what would you have to sell?"

WILLING TO FORGET.

"Then he does n't want to be called the Hon. Mr. Smith?"
"No. It's an unpleasant reminder that he used to be in politics and, with strangers, it might hurt his reputation."



TIES.

MAMIE.—Me folks is t'inkin' of movin' out of dis ward; but I hopes dey don't.
MIGGSY.—Yer likes der neighborhood den?
MAMIE.—Sure; but it ain't so much de neighborhood, as some of me acquaintances.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK ELDG. N.Y.

CONCERNING THE AMER

Puck. — Do you really think, my clerical friend, that the c



THE AMERICAN GIRL.
al friend that the old ideals were better than these?

THEIR REPLY.



“I OUGHT to have had better sense, but I had n’t!” remarked the Old Codger, a trifle ruefully. “I ought to have recollected that you can’t tell in advance which way a toad will jump when you poke him, but I did n’t. I am a member of the school board, and I ought to have been willing to let it go at that, but I was n’t!”

“I goes over yesterday afternoon with the rest of the board to sorter size up the school. The Professor asked me to say a few well-chosen words to the children; I did n’t have to but thought I ought to. Figgered it out that I’d selected an absolutely harmless and neutral subject when I started in to talk about the Sluggard. I described him in all his slovenly unloveliness, contrasted his dilatory practices with the energetic methods of the ant, and, in short, gave him down-the-road in great shape. Then, I wound up with the inquiry: ‘And now, children, tell me, last of all what becomes of the Sluggard?’ And they all answered in one voice: ‘He now stands before us!’”

“Thinks I to myself, as follows: ‘Moral; from this we should learn that you can never tell when a child is loaded.’”

Tom P. Morgan.

A SAD CASE.

“They are new people?”

“Painfully new. They have n’t even an old point lace which has been in the family for generations.”

MARK HER.

A Titian person named Farquhar,
Very foolishly dyed her hair darquhar,
Which affected her brain,
And, to everyone’s pain,
Her madness gets starker and starquhar.



GEE!

“Is Maggie a good pianist?”

“Is she? W’y, say, you should hear her play de ‘Holy City’ in ‘rag time!’”



CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE.

“And she said there was worse to tell, but she would n’t say what it was.”

“Oh, I don’t believe there could be anything worse — if she would n’t tell it!”

The true poet has a lively imagination and so too, has the mere verse writer, for the latter is apt to imagine that he is a poet.

PUCK



A CRISIS.

"I' faith, it hath come to this that we must needs organize a musical protective union!"

MISSIONARY WORK.

"YES," said Mr. Packer, of Chicago, "I certainly do believe in missionary work, and I don't take any stock in the flippant criticism that there is plenty of it to be done at home. Of course there is, but that is no reason why we should n't also do some abroad. It seems to me, though, that it would do no harm to combine religion and business as much as possible—that is to say, even more than they are combined now—and I think it would be a good thing to push missionary work in places that are now more or less neglected. Now, for instance, if we could get up a good, live, energetic missionary movement to convert the Mohammedans—there's an awful lot of Mohammedans and it would be a great triumph if we could bring them into the fold."

"The Mohammedans in particular? Why?"

"Because they don't eat pork. Why, if we could get the Mohammedans to eat pork, what an impetus it would give to the packing business! We'd not only lay up treasures in heaven but the money invested would come back to us a hundred-fold. Only that it is a rather unfavorable time to or-

ganize anything just now, I think I'd get up a Mohammedan Conversion Company, issue stock, common and preferred, basing it on the regenerated appetite of the Mohammedans—capitalize the prospectus, as you might say—and I'd keep the bonds!"

Wm. E. McKenna.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE MANAGER.—This thing is going to be a flat failure and I knew it would be.

THE LEADING LADY.—It looks that way. All we can do, I suppose, is join the critics in roasting the authors.

EXPECTATION.

I sat up nights waiting for Opportunity to knock at my door.

After awhile I saw a beautiful woman in Greek garb coming down the street.

"T is she," said I.

But as I followed her with eager eyes, she stopped at my neighbor's, who slept, and kicked in his door and dragged him out by the collar.

It is an old saying that a watched pot never boils.

PROOF.

"High-heeled shoes are not becoming to you."

"You are quite mistaken."

"Who has told you this?"

"I do not need to be told, since they ruin my health," replied the woman, looking at me out of her deep gray eyes with calm confidence.

LIBRARIES are all right in their way, but what we really want is a philanthropist who will give us reliable tips on stocks.

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LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

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5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.

"Oh be
Jolly"



P. B. Ale

\$1.50 per dozen pints.

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New York Agents.

A REALLY good cook
measures every ingre-
dient.

When you mix a cocktail
do you measure?

And do you know just how
much of everything to use?

GOLD LION Cocktails
(ready to ice) never vary.

GOLD LION Cocktails—Seven
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Whiskey, Martini, Tom Gin,
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Of good wine merchants.

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Always the Same!

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore, Md.

NECESSARY THERE.

CITIMAN (looking up from his paper).—"Montreal, P. Q." What does that
"P. Q." mean, do you know?

BACKLOTZ (of Swamphurst).—Well, I know what it means out our way.
It's a byword with us, nearly every day.

CITIMAN.—What is it?

BACKLOTZ.—"Purchase Quinine."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A SINCERE ADVERTISER.

"You advertise all the comforts of home, do you not?" said the traveler.
"Yep," answered the sad-looking rural landlord. "This place is my home
and these are all the comforts I get."—*Washington Star.*

THE ONLY REASON.

MRS. CLUBBERLEY.—You can't tell me it was business detained you till
this late hour.

CLUBBERLEY.—I know I can't, m' dear; 'cos I can't per-nounce 'bizhnesh'
'thout 'rousin' yer s'picious.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A MAGAZINE writer asks, "What is popular science?" Grafting has been,
until quite recently.—*Washington Post.*



Purity and Maturity

Unite in making the
superior quality of

Hunter Whiskey

Superb Flavor, Mellow
and Rich

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



"Before Jenkins got married he used to command a good salary?"

"And now?"

"Now he only earns it—his wife commands it."

ANSWERED ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

"How do you estimate the power in the machinery of government?" asked
the man who jests often and weakly.

"By noting the number of revolutions it will stand in a minute," answered
the Central American citizen.—*Washington Star.*

"Don't you remember me? I was in your class in school!" said the
enthusiastic girl, meeting an old friend while shopping.

"Oh, yes," said the haughty one, adjusting her lorgnette; "but you're in
a different class, now."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

You can face the work of life with a new determi-
nation when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the
Original Angostura Bitters create energy.



LOS ANGELES—Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Simple, Elegant,
Luxurious, Pure, Fragrant.

Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Cork tips or plain tips
No. 3 size, 10 for 25 cents. No. 1 size, 10 for 35 cents.
Look for signature of S. ANARGYROS.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SAYINGS.

Don't be always lookin' back on sorrow; de worl' only turns roun' once in a day.

It's only a fool dat goes roun' lookin' for trouble; de wise man knows dat it'll overtake him soon enough.

Hope is a great comforter, kase it keeps us shoutin' halleluja clean down ter de Valley er Despair.

Take away fum heaven dem streets er gold en dis ole worl' would seem good enough fer most of us.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "sits down an' does a day's loafin' an' calls it bein' patient an' resigned.—*Washington Star.*

Pears'

Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so. It wears as thin as a wafer.

Sold all over the world.

It's a Certainty!
There's no doubt about it!!

Kuyl's
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE
are known for that Rich, Delicious Flavor,
indicating: **QUALITY!**
PURITY!
STRENGTH!

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YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rosa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; mailed free; it gives instructions for amateur bands.
LYON & HEALY, 14 Adams St., Chicago.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.**, Dept. I. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

SURE TO BE READ.

"I see the new magazine is out."

"Yes; and thank heaven, they've got my latest poem right next to advertising matter!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*



DOUBTFUL.

"Gee! I dunno if dere's enough in dis job to pay for de trouble of gittin' it!"

Banquets and all convivial gatherings are made glad when Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is used.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

CHURCH.—Don't see anything in the papers about a new Panama scheme?

GOTHAM.—My wife's got one. Saw her straining jelly through my last Summer's model, to-day.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A HISTORY OF THE CASE.

Of germs a healthy man once read.
They filled his soul with awful dread.
They worried him
And flurried him,
Till now, poor man, he's sick abed.
—*Washington Star.*

A TELLTALE SIGN.

"Old Blinker is a confirmed bachelor, is n't he?"

"Yes; but I am sure that he was once engaged."

"Why?"

"Because he tells me there was a certain period of his life when he went to church regularly."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COCKTAIL FACTS

About 90% of the Cocktails now drank are either Manhattans or Martinis; no good bar-keeper uses any bitters but "English Orange" in making them. The "CLUB COCKTAILS," Manhattans and Martinis, are made as they should be with English "Orange Bitters," are properly aged and are better than any fresh made cocktail possibly can be. A fresh made cocktail is like a new blend of any kind, unfit for use. Age is what makes a good Punch, age is what makes a good Cordial, age is what makes a good blended whiskey, age is what makes a palatable sauce, and above all age is what makes a good cocktail. These statements can be verified by any reputable blender.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTARILLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

PREDICAMENT.

Under the moon (and eke my breath)
I uttered things I should n't.
For the maiden at my side would spark,
While the motor below us would n't.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SUTILE REBUKE.

"Henrietta complimented me this morning," said Mr. Meekton. "We had a little argument and she said I would make an ideal juror."

"Yes," answered the man who loves to dispel illusions. "You know the less a man knows about a case the better suited he is for jury duty."—*Washington Star.*

BILLVILLE IN THE CITY.

The col' win' 's raisin' high—
Signs of snow an' sleet;
Give us the old oak fire—
Take out the blamed steam heat!
Give us the flame that flashes
When the wind 's a-blowin' strong;
'Taters banked in ashes—
Kettle singin' a song!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

America
is fast becoming
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NETTIE.—A girl does n't often marry the man who is the best husband for her.
NED.—Of course not. If he is a good husband there is no occasion to
marry him more than once.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

PATIENCE.—The man I bought them from said these shoes were poems.
PATRICE.—He did n't say anything, though, about there being an over-
abundance of feet in them, did he?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

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THE CANDIDATE'S SORROW.

Alas, this is a fickle land;

It fills me with dismay.

They come and hear my speeches, and
They vote the other way.

—*Washington Star.*

ONE DRAWBACK.

"But," suggested the manager's assis-
tant, "why not cast Manley for the
villain! He's just the man for the
part."

"I know he is," replied the mana-
ger; "but he declares he won't smoke
cigarettes."—*Philadelphia Press.*

CHURCH.—The man who named
the New York streets made some great
mistakes.

GOTHAM.—Do you think so?

CHURCH.—I certainly do. Wall
Street, for instance, should have been
called Water Street.—*Yonkers States-
man.*

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"When he was at school,
Jimmy Moggridge smoked a
cane-chair, and he has since
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nary mixtures was not so
noticeable as the change from
ordinary mixtures to the
Arcadia." *J. M. Barrie.*

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THE LION.—I discovered just in time that he did n't belong to the union.

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CONSOLING.

"But I must n't be egotistical and talk about myself all the time," said Mr. Mincer.

"Don't stop," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "On a social occasion like this any trifle will do to make conversation."—*Washington Star.*

It is to be feared that those New York opera box holders will be a little fatigued if they attempt to talk all the way through "Parsifal."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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AN ECCENTRIC old man in Cohoes Always bought "children's size" suits of clothes.

"I can never decide When I'll need them," he cried, "Second childhood comes quick—goodness knows!"—*Col. Jester.*



UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

"Majah Pepper has bin 'rested fo' drunkenness, sah;—he wants yo' to bale him out o' th' calaboose, sah."

"Gadamighty, sah;—if th' Majah 's sober enough to care where he is at, they had no business 'resting him, sah."

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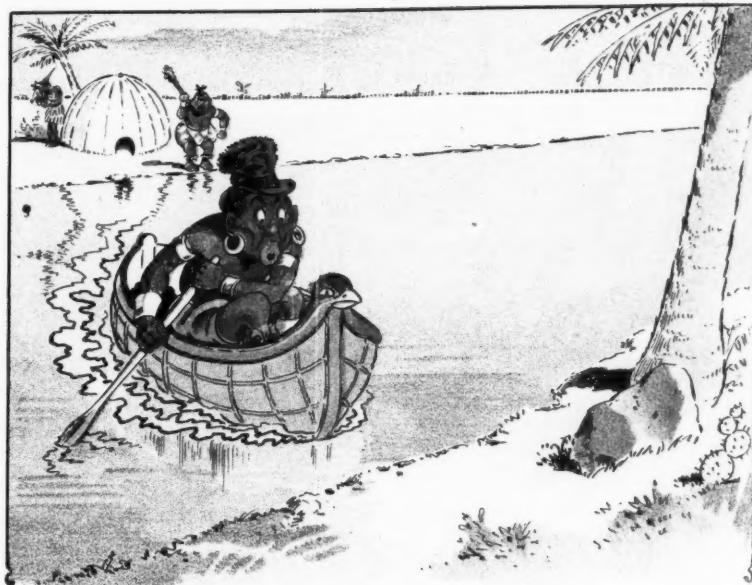
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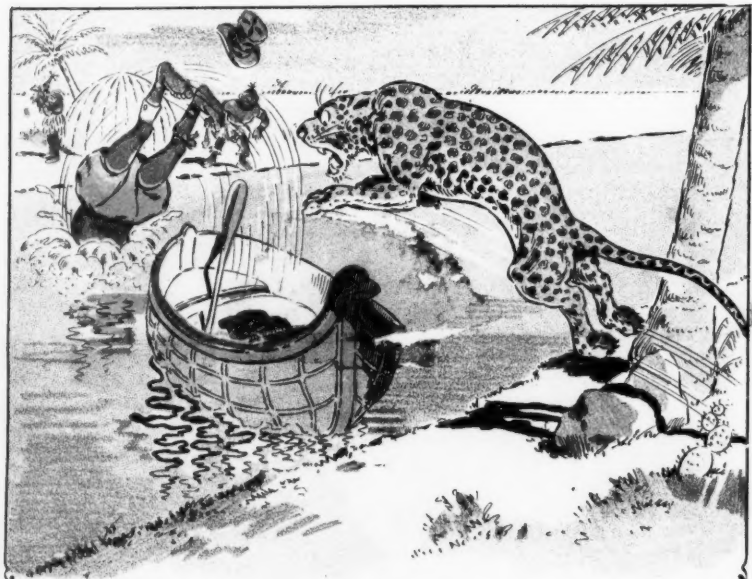
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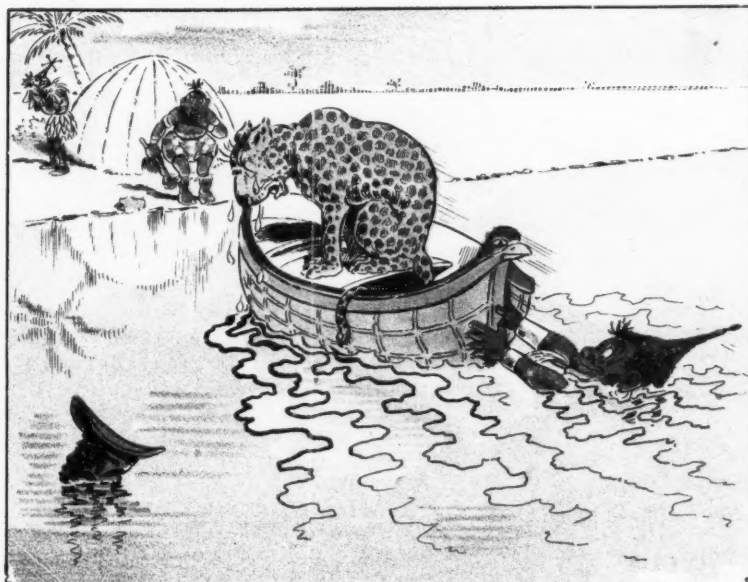
I.
Chief Hitchenkick of Congo to his daughter's lover cried:
"Get out of here, you lobster! She can never be your bride!"



II.
Then His Highness in his anger used such words as chump and dub,
And kept hurling loud invectives when he could n't hurl his club.



III.
Said the suitor: "I 'll defy him, now I 'm safe upon the shore."
But he was n't safe; a tiger sprang upon him with a roar.



IV.
The tiger, having fozzled, then with tears himself anointed,
While the suitor turned his dory till at Hitchenkick it pointed.



V.
With precision next he steered it to the bank just opposite,
And with pleasure saw His Highness show the symptoms of a fit.



VI.
So thus they say in Congo, if you want to win a bride,
And destroy the opposition, have a tiger on your side.

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